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462 589 736 The result of this attitude is to permit, even if it does not actually encourage, each sex to control the other's techniques of livelihood. This gives the sexes an actual economic independence of each other which is not apparent in a theoretic formulation that appears to set up a complementary cooperation making for mutual dependence. It is quite possible, and is indeed a not infrequent practice, for single men and women to get along quite ably on a subsistence and minimal prestige basis. I have in mind, for example, a divorcée with two children who not only had ample means of subsistence but had accumulated gongs, mokos, and pigs equal to those of some of the poorer men. There were widowers and temporarily deserted men who managed quite nicely alone. The single man is perhaps at a disadvantage compared to the single woman, since he has seldom had the same training in industry and since his cultural status at best requires that he do little physical labor except communally. In fact, men living alone are often the subject of surreptitious gossip which accuses them of living by poaching on neighboring fields and livestock.

593 662 When the interpretation of this attitude is extended to its fullest, it seems to be associated with the strongly rooted theory and fact that women are the providers of food. In addition, after an open quarrel in which divorce is threatened, the chief or the tumukun will often read the couple a moral lecture in which the wife is urged to be a mother to the man and the husband is urged to be a father to the woman. The conjunction of these two factors, the wife as provider of food and as mother, become indissolubly linked not only with each other but with experiences of early childhood. This image of the wife as the mother-provider was given perhaps extreme expression by Fantan the Interpreter, who was trying to explain the significance of the marital relationship from this angle. He said, "Wives are like our mothers. When we were small our mothers fed us. When we are grown our wives cook for us. If there is something good, they keep it in the pot until we come home. When we were small we slept with our mothers; when we are grown we sleep with our wives. Sometimes when we are grown we wake in the night and call our wives 'mother.'"

586 In many cases this sentiment is more the expression of a hope than a reality. The mother is indeed the provider, but as we have seen she is an uncertain and unreliable figure. It is not surprising that even though the whole weight and prestige of the masculine-controlled finance acts to stabilize marriage, Atimelangers average about two divorces apiece. When one considers the elaborate affinal involvements and the cumbersome monetary negotiations involved in divorce, the figure seems high.

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Chapter 15

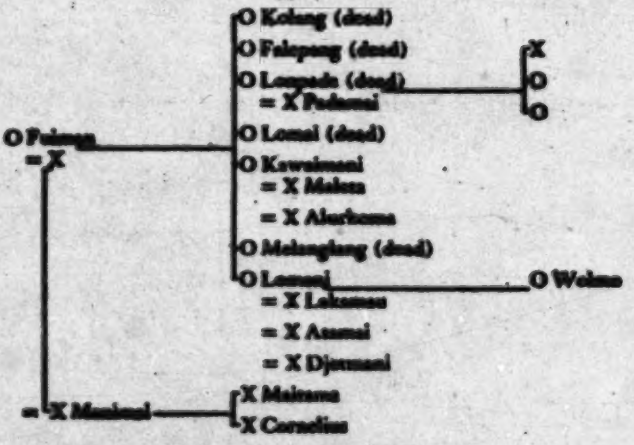
Lomani

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

March 11, 1939

My father died when I was small, so I don't know him. Then mother took us to Padavi [a fieldsite]. We lived there and then came back to Hiengmang [another fieldsite]. Then we went to live in Old Atimelang. We made a lean-to [*tolang*, a very poor sort of house] at Kamangmelang. Mother herself made the house and put a little thatch on it, and we slept there. Mother raised a pig for my grandfather's death feast. After we had given the feast, mother died. When we were a little

Genealogy of Lomani*



* A complete genealogy was not recorded.

bigger we hunted husbands. Then I went to my husband's village and he died. Next I married a man from Kalmasbui. I went to cut weeds and made the garden feast all by myself. He didn't come to help me, so I ran away and came back here to Atimelang. Djetmani said I was his wife, so we married and stayed together until Djetmani married Falangmau. He said he didn't want me any more, so I was left. Then people wanted me to marry again, but I said no, that it was better that I stay

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here and work, because my child was still living with her grandparents. When she is older she will have thoughts and will come to me, or when my heart remembers I can go to her. [All this was told in a monotone without pause or comment. The informant then came to a stop. Question.] The child lives in Rualmelang with her grandparents. Now my child stays there, but when my heart remembers her I can go there and cut weeds at her side. [She came to a stop again.]

[Very first memory?] When they killed the radjah, soldiers were hunting people, and mother took me to Makangfui near Bakudatang. Mother carried me and set me down between the roots of a *tame* tree. Mother said, "Sit here. The soldiers must leave before we return to the village." At night we went to sleep in a house, but by day mother hid me. [Question.] My sister Kawaimani was there too. Cornelius' father [Manimai, Lomani's father's younger brother] took me, mother, and Kawaimani each day to hide us in the tree roots until the soldiers left. We were there a month. Then he took us to Raugfui. We stayed there and then Manimai said, "My two children and my widow, don't get shot." Falepangmai [the tumukun's first wife] was with us too. Manimai took us to a thorn patch [*alokai*]. Falepangmai was still small and she twisted her words. She called thorns *takolokai* [snail]. She would get pricked by a thorn and say, "*Adiye, takolokai.*" [Here the informant laughed.] She called the soldiers *trang berka.* [Literally, bad storage tube. The usual term was *walangai*, meaning green and referring to the color of the soldiers' uniforms. Another term used was the Malay word *soldara.*] She was little and she twisted her words. Manimai, my uncle, stood on a stone and watched the path for soldiers. The soldiers were going everywhere, hunting for people who had escaped from Fungwati [the village in which the radjah was murdered and the population of which the government had largely exterminated]. We stayed there until the soldiers didn't come any more. Then we lived at Raugfui in a field house and Manimai went to live in Feberka. [Question.] There were two fields at Raugfui. We lived in one and Maipada [the husband of Fuimai] and his family lived in the other some distance away.

When we lived there, I and Kawaimani were out getting greens and cassava one day. We started home. A dead stump was standing there. The clouds were black and it was dark. The stump looked like a man with a shield. We were afraid. Kawaimani said, "A man is standing there with a shield. He will shoot us. It is probably Manife [a notorious killer of the vicinity]." We cried and ran, then we turned back to look

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159 died. [Stop. This was the first time the informant was not ready to plunge on. I asked what relationship Lonmau was to her. She was the informant's mother's brother's daughter's daughter, i.e., her "child."]

There was a dance at Alurkowati. I, Fanlang, and many others went. Fanlang had already slept with Lonfani, who was married to Senfani of Alurkowati. In the middle of the night that woman's husband came with a sword and struck Fanlang's shoulder, but Fanlang's familiar spirit was with him. [Familiar spirits were generally supposed to sit [71C] on the shoulder.] Blood flowed like water. People lighted torches and looked. They brushed away the blood on Fanlang's shoulder, and there was no wound. There was blood everywhere, but no wound. His shield was split in two. Fanlang's familiar spirit told him, "An Alurkowati man has cut my finger. You must call many people to come." [Stop.] The shield was split, and the owner, from whom Fanlang had borrowed it, litigated. Fanlang paid him a Piki moko. Then he slept again with Lonfani. He slept with Maliemai. Her husband came to litigate. He had to pay twelve tallies' worth, consisting of five pigs, mokos, cloth, and tobacco. [The informant seemed unusually interested in, and [115] indiscreet about, other people's sexual misdemeanors. The interpreter privately expressed disapproval of her conversation.]

April 14, 1939

I dreamed that as my soul returned from Alurkowati, I came to a large, deep pool into which water flowed from a bamboo pipe. I drank from the pool, and as I did I saw my husband breaking off sugar cane. [This she told in a hushed and impressed tone of voice, saying it was [78] a very bad dream. I asked why, and she said that breaking off sugar cane was a sign of cutting a bamboo digging-stick to make a grave. She said that when she awoke she found that her husband felt sick and was still ill. She said, "Now that I have told my dream, shall I tell a myth?" I asked for personal material instead.]

When I was small my mother and father died. I don't remember them. I stayed then with my grandmother, whose death I remember. [73] Then I went to live with different aunts and uncles. [Stop.] I took [74] care of their children until I was old enough to think; then I made gardens. [Stop.] When I was caring for children, I said to my uncle, "If I only care for children, I shall never cultivate a field." So I began one, but he said, "Oh, you mind the children and I will finish your garden." [Stop.] Then he said his back hurt and that I could go out and cut fields with my friends while he minded the baby. He said, "If